



**worth more than the moon and the sun by
everybreatheverymove**

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Summary: (Prompt./Aged-up characters.) Mike can all but watch in awe as she threads her fingers through his own, placing the palm of his right hand across her lower abdomen. "I'm late, Mike."

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"We need to talk."

Try as he might to stop it, the first thought that comes to mind also happens to be the absolute worst thing imaginable.

Mike bites his tongue for all of two seconds, and he shoots his wife a look to let her know she has his full attention. His brows are furrowed, drawn into toward his nose, freckles shaded in concern, and his lips are parted as though he's about to speak.

But no words come out, so Mike chooses instead to lower the book in his hands and place it aside, leaving it open-paged on the plaid blanket beside him. He turns around on the sofa, one leg now hanging over the side of the cushion.

"What... what about?"

(Please, no.)

"Mike," El says then, and she lowers herself down onto the arm of the sofa across from him, hazel eyes beaming with something akin to joy as she reaches out for his left hand, "it's not bad." She squeezes his hand, turning his palm over to run her thumb along his wrist, drawing small circles on his skin.

Before he can help it, there's a small smile playing on his lips—grateful for her reassurance, thankful she's not about to *break* him.

Free hand dropping to his thigh, he rubs the side of his clenched fist along the denim there, letting the roughness soothe an itch, "It's not?" Mike blinks, gaze flickering from her lap up to her face, hopeful suddenly.

(He could be fifty years old and she would still leave him just as breathless as she did when he was twelve.)

(And he'd still be just as in love with her, and just as enamored with everything about her.)

"No." The brunette shakes her head, swallowing a breath as she tucks a loose curl around her ear, keeping her fingertips rubbing against her lobe, almost nervously. "I'm late."

"For what?"

If she was smiling before, she's full-on giggling now. El shakes her head with the smallest of laughs, sliding down to the couch cushion next to Mike. Crossing her legs beneath her, she carefully moves the book—his first one; he's searching for inspiration—down onto the floor, and she wiggles her toes into the softness of the blanket before clasping she grabs his hands again, this time making Mike shuffle closer on the sofa.

El pulls his hands into her lap then, taking a moment to consider her next move. Her eyes close, and she purses her lips thoughtfully for a second. And Mike can all but watch in awe as she threads her fingers through his own, placing the palm of his right hand across her lower abdomen.

"I'm *late*, Mike."

(Somehow, what he thought might have been the worst news ever is actually the greatest.)

"You're—" and he stops himself there. Mike kneels up on the seat, towering over the young woman even as she sits. He lets her glide his hand across her stomach, slow and steady. His left hand moves up to cup her cheek, thumb sweeping over her cheekbone. There's a dazed look on his face, he knows it, but he couldn't possibly care less, "It worked?"

(Finally...)

"Apparently." El nods, and she unlaces her fingers from his to run her hands up his chest, palms sliding up the horizontal stripes of his rugby shirt, "And it's *safe*."

(Finally.)

"I didn't want to tell you before, I— if it wasn't..." she shakes her head then, dropping her eyes to his jaw, head tilting in consideration

as she blinks, mumbles with weakness in her voice, "In case it didn't last. Like last time." She tells him, "I didn't want to break your heart again."

"El," Mike removes his hands from her belly then, and he gently wraps his fingers around her wrists, still against his chest. He glances down at her wedding band with a half-smile and a contented sigh, "You could only break my heart if you left me."

He wraps his arms around her waist at that, pulling her tight into his embrace. His hands slip around her back, fingers splayed out across the cotton of her blouse, drawing her closer just as her head drops to his shoulder, brown locks ticklish against his neck.

Mike gulps, eyes closing as he breathes her in, "Are you happy?"

She nods, sobbing with teary eyes against the exposed skin of his neck, and that's enough for him. "Are you?"

"What do you think?" Mike smiles, and he's not deaf to the small snort she lets out in response. He leans back, down, to press his lips to the crown of her head, a full-fledged grin on his face now, "I'm perfect."

"You are."